It was long ago that my dream ships sailed
Day by day to that shadowy sea;
And I watched each one till my vision failed
And the ships were lost in mystery.
Sometimes a rose-hued and billowy cloud
Shut out my view ere the ship went far,
But often the darkness would seem to shroud
The vessel before she crossed the bar.

They sailed at the sunset, every one;
They sailed away on the ebbing tide.
Sometimes a brave vessel went out alone,
And again two sailed forth side by side.
I left them alone in the hands of Fate;
Prayed she would make them reality;
And many a time did I watch and wait
For my fleet to return from the sea.

Then my last ship sailed—for my dreams
were done—
And I grieved that my ships came not

And I grieved that my ships came no back.

But only last night at the set of sun
I saw a mast o'er the wasteless track:

I saw a mast o'er the wasteless track;
And the twilight mists gave away and made
A pathway lit with the sunset's beam;
And a ship sailed in through the twilight
shade.

And brought back to me a youthful dream.

—Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

#### How Peter Won Juliana.

STORY OF AN-ESKIMO MARRIAGE. The little Eskimo settlement of Kajartalik was in a great state of excitement. For a long time young Peter Manasse had wanted to marry pretty Juliana Marie Andreas, but because of the opposition of the girl's parents and brothers he had been unable to accomplish his desires. To the villagers the opposition of the relatives had seemed to be wholly unwarranted, for Peter was a most likely young Eskimo. He had a beautful kayak, with two harpoons and a bird spear, two fish lines and two hooks, beside a net with which to scoop out the little salmonoids that throng the water there at certain seasons. Moreover, he could use them as well as any one that had ever paddled that way. Further still, he was courageous. Once in early spring, when the field ice had filled the flord for several days in such a way that no one could go seal hunting, Peter, having seen a scal on an iceberg, ran across the floating ice cakes till he could strike it, and so, in spite of the dangers relieved the pressing need of the colony.

However, the relatives of the girl remained obdurate, while she looked on with apparent indifference, and so poor Peter sighed in vain until at last his father determined to interfere by giving a great feast to all his neighbors. was the announcement of the date of the feast that had excited the people, and not without reason, too, for if during the course of the festivities young Peter could manage to pick up and carry away the pretty Juliana to his tather's house the matter would be settled; she would be constrained by the usages of polite Eskimo society to accept the bold lover, while the relatives would not be allowed to interfere once the young man got his sweetheart safely at the door of the hut.

It appeared that the Manasse family had had the feast in mind for a long time, for, now that it was announced, the people remembered that both father and son had been very assiduous in looking after their traps during the winter, and had taken many foxes. The pelts had been carefully prepared and deposited at the store of the white man. other things obtained in exchange were three kinds of hard bread, a large supply of coffee and enough tobacco to last a long time. It was when the father and son carried home these things that the feast was announced and everybody knew that a very great feast it would

When the afternoon arrived Mrs. Manasse placed three flat stones close together not very far from the entrance to her house, and built a fire of driftwood and faggots from the tiny forests hard by. Over this was placed a big iron pot bought of the whites, long before. The pot was filled with sea water, and into it she placed as many big chunks of scal meat and scal fat as would serve to make the foundation of a most nourishing and savory Eskimo stew. To the seal meat she had added enough ptarmigans and hares to give each member of the community one, and thereafter she carefully tended the fire so that the mess simmered gently and continuously, and the broth was kept well replenished. Meantime a host of youngsters gathered about the fire, sniffling the odors and dancing with one another and singing a song that related the trials of an Eskimo lover who, having failed to win the object of his desires, went away and married a wild goose, a song very popular on such occasions in Eskimo land. But the older part of the community kept strictly within the huts.

By and by, when the stew was done to the taste of Mrs. Manasse, she called her husband from their hut, and thereupen he began shouting at the top of his voice:

"O-e-yo! O-e-yo!" which is an Eskimo word of invitation to eat boiled meat. The people all came out so quietly that a stranger would have surmised that they had been waiting, perhaps not without some impatience, for the word to come. Gathering about the fire, they all squatted down in a circle. Then Peter's father, with a seal rib sharpened at one end, dexterously picked a piece of boiled meat from the kettle and passed it to Mr. Andreas, who was squatted by his side. Mr. Andreas put as much of it as possible into his mouth, and then cutting his bite clear with a knife he had brought with him for the purpose, he passed the chunk to the next person on his right. A tin can full of the soup followed the meat in its travels around the circle, each man drinking a swallow and passing the can along—growler fashion—the men being served first and the women and children afterward in succession. Then the bread was passed around, so that each one had a biscuit, and in the meantime coffee had been boiled on a fire in the hut by one of the Andreas girls, and this was brought out and

passed as the soup had been.

It was a remarkably fine Eskimo feast, and no attention was paid to anything but the eating, save by the two most interested persons present, young Peter and pretty Juliana. As for Juliana, she was scated on a rock on the side of the circle furtherest from the Manasse doorway, and was keeping a bright lookout for every motion that Peter made, being determined to give him such a tussle as he had never dreamed of whenever he strove to capture her, as he was sure to do before the festivities were ended.

o before the festivities were ended.

Peter was waiting until when, after Even then, the husband is not unlikely

the edge had been taken from appetite, the oldest woman in the village would get into the centre of the group and would there entertain everybody by contorting her face just as children do making faces. He had noticed, wily fellow, that the old woman's doings always convulsed pretty Juliana, and he guessed that if he were ever to capture the girl he must make his rush at the climax of the fun, when the old woman, with bulging eyes, wide, extended mouth and protruding tongue, would call herself Quarnat-the moon. It was, therefore, with beating heart and rising emotions that he watched the well-known programme of the feast pass on till at last old Marie Tirra stepped into the ring and began the fun by looking square at pretty Juliana and then drawing one side of her face into a remarkable grimace.

of her face into a remarkable grimace.
Under ordinary circumstances Juliana would have roared with laughter, but this time her eyes had been wandering clsewhere, and she had seen, looking over the shoulder of her father and past the head of her unaccepted lover, an comiak or great boat full of strangers coming around the rocks at the entrance of the little harbor, while two men in kayalks paddled beside the oomiak. Instead of laughing she jumped to her feet

stend of laughing she jumped to her feet and shouted:

"Strangers! Strangers!"

It was a most startling event in the

history of the little settlement.

At the sound of the girl's voice everybody stood up and looked toward the strange boat. Then all flocked down to the landing and greeted the newcomers by shouts and inquiries regarding their health. It was a cordial meeting in appearance only, however, for according to custom, one of the strangers had to wrestle with a picked man of the settlement, and under a very old custom the stranger, if defeated, could be killed by the victor—a custom now obsolete.

Now, the party of strangers included an old man, his wife, two sons, a daughter-in-law and several children. The sons were in the kayaks, and it was the unmarried one who led the way to the landing. As he stepped from his kayak the villagers by common instinct turned toward young Peter Manasse. He had had hard luck in wooing a wife, and here was his opportunity to show his prowess such as he had never had before.

In some way-probably from the chatter among the gossips-the young stranger seemed to apprehend the condition of affairs in the village, and looked at one after another of the maidens standing behind their elders and glancing shyly at him when they thought he wouldn't observe them, until at last his eyes fell on Juliana. Her beauty of face and form would have convinced a less observant youth that she was the one sought for, but had anything else been wanting, her quick flush was enough to betray her. Thereat the young stranger picked a great dead swan-a very rare bird in those parts-from the top of his kayak and carried it to the feet of pretty Juliana, who said not a word, though she smiled very brightly toward her mother. Then the young man said:

"My name is Habakik. Who is it that will meet Habikik?" and young Peter Manasse stepped from the group and said that it was he. The two eyed each other and then, as white athletes would say, began to wrestle catch-ascatch-can. It was a mighty and memorable struggle. No such match had ever been seen by any one present. With equal strength and skill they pulled and pushed and lifted, hither and thither, about the level beach, till both were flaming red in the face and bathed in perspiration. Then the foot of the stranger slipped and he stumbled forward, head down, under Peter's right arm. A shout went up from the villagers, but before Peter could take advantage of the slip Habikik had grabbed the young man about the knees, lifted him from his feet and threw him heavily with his back on the sand. And there the two lay panting, while blood oozed slowly from Peter's nose, the shock of the fall having burst a small blood ves-

sel. After a minute or so, when both had partially recovered their wind, they rose slowly, and the villagers began once more giving the strangers a cheery welcome, in which, though crestfallen, Peter joined heartily. As he stood before Ha-bakik, saying it had been a fair fight and well won, he saw the pretty Juliana, her big brown eyes watching the blood flowing down his face with a look of concern in them that no bright young Eskimo man could mistake. She was just outside of the group of villagers, and her father and brothers had run down to help draw the strange oomiak on shore. Juliana, catching the eye of Peter, turned her head very quickiy away, and then the long disappointed lover reached her side with a jump, picked her up in his arms, and fled away in triumph to his father's iglu, and there they remained till the rost were through with the feast.

A week later the moon was full. Juliana received from her mother a new scraping knife and a new butcher's knife, and from her father a lamp made of a hollow stone. The white trader gave her a very fine, large iron kettle, a coffee pot and a great quantity of bright colored goods, and beads enough for a new collar a foct wide, which, under the circumstances, was a very decent thing for the trader to do. Juliana, as was said, was a very pretty girl. Then Juliana and Peter went to the house of the native preacher, and in the presence of all the people were married according to the Lutheran service, for nearly all

Greenland Eskimos are Lutherans.

When Juliana had married him Peter went to live with his mother-in-law, according to the usual Eskimo custom. Eskimo wits never make jokes about the mother-in-law. It would not be in good form. The Eskimo mother-in-law rules the household. She can even command a divorce, the process being a simple one. She orders her unacceptable sou-in-law out of the house, and when he obeys, as he always does, she throws any personal property after him that he may have left behind. Both the young people are then free to marry again.

The Eskinos do not marry cousins. A man could always have as many wives as he could support before the Danes discouraged polygamy, and it was the rule for a man to take one of the sisters of his chosen sweetheart. It is said that the old practice is still adhered to, though without the sanction of any religious ceremony.

It occasionally happens that a newly-

It occasionally happens that a newlymarried couple do not begin housekeeping at once—each instead remaining home. On the other hand, some young men set up a separate establishment at once by building a new iglu or house.

to have his wife's parents come in and live with him. When the new husband goes to his wife's house one end of the low platform, used as a bed in the house, is curtained off to form the bridal chamber, and in front of that the young wife may set up her own lamp if she choose. The bridegroom is expected to make a present to his wife's parents, even when he has to fight to get her or when he is betrothed to her in early years. In the old days he had to buy her.—New York Sun.

#### Imagination Killed Her.

A remarkable instance of the hold superstition has upon the mind of even the ducated and religious was recently exhibited in the case of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes, of Helena, Ark., a lady noted for her intellectual attainments and pious life. One morning, arising in what seemed her usual health and spirits, she summoned her children to come to her. One son was residing in Topeka, Kan. one in New Orleans; two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call, they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by. which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour.

Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to hear on her superstitious credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health, and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her death she sought her children and bade them good-by; then, seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination .- St. Louis Star-Sayings.

#### The Art of Manicuring.

Very few people know how to properly care for the nails. In cleaning them a sharp knife ought never to be used, but between the ends of the nails and the tingers the space should be filled with soap (this is best done by dragging the finger nails along the bar), and then removed by brushing with a good, stiff nail brush. The best brush for this purpose is made in the shape of a half cylinder, the inside of which is furnished with short, stiff bristles that can never become soft and useless. It also fits close about the fingers, scouring them effectually.

Many improperly cut away that part of the flesh which grows over the nail from the bottom; they should simply press it backward sufficiently to show the white "half-moon," considered by some to be a mark of beauty.

If the flesh is adherent to the nail the operation may be facilitated by passing the sharp point of a knife underneath the fold of the flesh and separating it from its attachments. With this done, it can be pushed back more readily. Scissors should never be used to cut the nails; that should be done only with a sharp penknife.—Detroit Free Press.

## Remarkable Giants.

The teeth and bones of the fossil elephants found in Europe were formerly assigned to giants, and many remarkable stories were circulated regarding what was supposed to have been an extinct race of men "with teeth weighing from four to ten pounds." The last of these finds, which was believed to be the remains of a giant of the genus homo, was discovered during the reign of Louis XIV., and was referred to as the giant of Dauphine. These gigantic remains were discovered by a surgeon, who stated they were enclosed in an enormous sepulchre, covered with a stone slab which bore the inscription: "Teutobochus rex;" and that in the vicinity there was also found coins and medals, all of which showed the remains to be those of a giant king of Cimbri, who fought against Marius and was slain. It was afterward proved that the surgeondiscoverer of these gigantic remains was as great a fraud as the man who manufactured the plaster cast known as the

"Cardiff Giant." The story of Teutobochus rex is even excelled by that of another giant, called the giant of Lucerne, whose remains, when dug up, were described by a learned professor of Basle, who, by the way, was skilful enough to put the bones together so that they resembled a human skeleton no less than twenty-six feet in height. For some time the deluded people of Lucerne paid homage to this lephantine prodigy, until Blumenbach proved to the learned faculty of the csuit College, where it lay in state, that their relic was but the remains of a monster elephant, long since extinct .- St.

## For His Own Coffin.

George W. Piper, of Sebewa, Mich. formerly a merchant, is dying of consumption, and has developed a queer mania for economy. He is a man of considerable means, and is sane on all other points but that of his own funeral. A week ago he took a laborer with him into a swampy piece of woodland and cut down a lot of red cedars. He had the logs sawed into boards and took the boards to the best cabinet-maker and surprised that workman by ordering him to ouild a coffin to measure. He said he did not propose to have the undertakers make anything out of his dying, and he made a contract with the village expressman to carry that box to the grave. Mr. Piper watches that cabinet-maker at work and sees to it that the job is not slighted. He is growing weaker every day, and cannot totter to the workshop to superintend the job more than once or twice more. - Chicago Tribune.

The Wind Cave of the Black Hills.

A new discovery was made in the wind cave last week by which openings were found that took a seven hours' tramp to one of the subterranean chambers and return. This cave is surpassing the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in magnitude and will be a princial object of attraction to visitors to the Black Hills,—Deadwood Pioneer.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Faith Without Works."

TEXT: "Faith without works is dead."—Jas. ii., 20.

The Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion for the most part is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that we have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast staysalls, foretopmast studding sail, maintopsall, mizzentopsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara 2.

banks, and it roars like a young Niagara it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lillies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself, the other river is a

man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said, "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night time and sheaves from my field in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothin about it." The other brother said, "M brother has a large family, and it is very di ficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my own farm in the night time and set them over on his farm and say noth ing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were per plexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet whil making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusa lem. If that tradition should prove un-founded it will nevertheless stand as a beau tiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

I have often spoken to you about faith,

I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it

sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the streets, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated sirups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that is sold for canenno and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the Prussian blues from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bone dust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live

animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they publint the spices, and into the sugars, and into the butter, and into the apothecary drugs. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oif of wormwood, warranted pure, from Boston, was found to have forty-one per cent. of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medicinal drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root, and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap

or the gum as it exudes.

It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a

cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick mangets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until, the prices going up and up and up, they were after awhile ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church, or a university, or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be opleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent, of the profits, and with that one per cent, you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europa, for ever and ever,

Ah, my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully, and he build a line of hos-

pitals and universities from here to Alas.'a, he cannot atone for it. After a while this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" on him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation!

Ent this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, it will also rectify all mechanism and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightingly done, "Oh, that was done by the job!" You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired he hour or by the excursion with the hour or by the excursion and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses by skillful dose of jockeys for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his posts and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground when nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence, and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel the responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent.

And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her re-

a percentage on the prescriptions sent.

And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness, and for happiness, and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discourgement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements.

forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired" or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicating conviviality.

Yes, there is a great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine room, and now her eye is glassy, and after a while her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage get to her home it takes the husband and coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in

res, this practical religion will have so come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform Elm street, in New York, Bedford streat, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon street and Madison square and Rittenhouse square and West End and Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn book and prayer book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph, but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and became a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear, a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illuminate the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautifu theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you a few specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of the day, his book on "Diseases of the Prain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feslings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh, myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

their profession: The late Lord Cairns, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation, preaching as an Evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the church of God as they are aminent at the bar.

lawyers as eminent in the church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commer-

cial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any especial troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan, I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchauts just as good. William E. Dodge, in the iron business; Peter Cooper, in the glue business. Scoras of men just as good

as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer prayer to God at the table, seeking a plessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshiping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

with them.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer, and the saw, and the adze, and the drill, and the ax sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry, and the Ryland regiments, and Kempt's infantry, and the Scots Grays and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won!

In the latter part of the last century a girl in Englaud became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work, and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife rose at 4 o'clock, entered the front door yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou will bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around then, and they all became affluent; one, a member of parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing

One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land,

One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral—Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

#### POPULAR SCIENCE.

Indianapolis, Ind., boasts of an abundant supply of natural gas.

A new typewriter, under the "point" system, produces writings which the blind can read.

At least one person in three between the age of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness.

Felix L. Oswald maintains that night air from the outside is far more healthful than the vitiated, disease-laden night air of ordinary human dwellings.

A grain of fine sand would cover one

hundred of the minute scales of the human skin, and yet each of these scales in turn covers from 300 to 500 pores.

The Common Council of Cincinnati, Ohio, at the suggestion of the health

Ohio, at the suggestion of the health officer, has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to give public exhibitions of mesmerism and hypnotism.

A method for using the short pieces of carbons used in the electric arc lights is

in operation by the electric light company at Concord, N. H., and it is stated that it saves thirty per cent. of the cost.

The smokeless powder that will be used in the thirty-calibre magazine rifles that the Army Board on Magazine Guns

The smokeless powder that will be used in the thirty-calibre magazine rifles that the Army Board on Magazine Guns are about to experiment with is of Belgian make. It is known as the Wetteran powder.

Among the latest disinfectants is "lysol," which appears to be very much like
carbolic acid. The emulsifying agent is
resin or fat soap, tar acid being incorporated with the soap at the moment of
saponification.

A new idea in arc lamps is the substitution of a hollow carbon cylinder for the usual upper carbon point and a disc for the lower rod. The edges of the cylinder and disc are in contact, and the light is formed at that point.

A Willows (Cal.) paper says that Jeff Garnett has utilized three miles of barbed wire fencing for a telephone. It runs from his old ranch home to a new residence just finished. A small wire at each end of the fence connects a telephone in each house.

Oxygen is the most abundant of an the elements. It composes at least one-third of the earth, one-fifth of the atmosphere and eight-ninths by weight of all the water on the globe. It is also a very important constituent of all minerals animals and vegetables.

A scientific paper says: Observations seem to show that a decrease in the carth's latitude is in progress, implying an alteration in the direction of the earth's axis. The fluctuation is thought to be due to a minute oscilation caused by changes in internal wars of the earth.

Homeopathy is said to be spreading in Russia, especially in the upper social strata. Societies for the propagation of the Hahnemannian doctrines have recently been established at Tschernigov, Odessa and Warsaw. The clergy are conspicuous among the supporters of the great medical heresy, and in Russia the military mind seems also to have an elective affinity for globules and infinitesimal dilutions.

Month by month the number of telegrams which can be sent through a single wire increases, and the distance through which a telephonic message can be heard is lengthened out. A newly devised apparatus, quite simple in form, is said to take a telegram as it flows from one's pen and transcribe it from the wire in facsimile. Even the words impressed upon the wax of a phonograph are now capable of being forwarded to distances exceeding a hundred miles.

will that his body should be forty days in a shed built for yose. He wanted a bottle of side him, a latch on the in door and a roof slanting to the is now lying in the shed.

An old fellow who has been six times says that a man con a woman, and fool her things, but it has been his of the provided to distance through a single will that his body should be forty days in a shed built for yose. He wanted a bottle of side him, a latch on the in door and a roof slanting to the is now lying in the shed.

A large mine of agate onyx has been opened in a cave near Ozark, Mo.

# SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 8.

Lesson Text: "Naaman Healed," 2
Kings v., 1-14 — Golden
Text: Psalm ciii., 8—

Commentary.

1. "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria." The Bible is full of contrasts. The great contrast is between the Son of God and the devil; then between those who believe God, stand before Him and serve Him, and such as are only men of this world, serving of sin and Satan.

2. "And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive

is between the Son of God and the devil; then between those who believe God, stand before Him and serve Him, and such as are only men of this world, serving of sin and Satan.

2. "And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid, and she waited on Naaman's wife." Let any little girl consider well the situation of this little maid, stolen from home, which was as much to her as home is to any child, and now a little slave in a far off land, with little if any prospect of seeing father and mother again; and yet she seems to be faithful in her new home under these hard circumstances. Let the boys consider Joseph, stolen from home by his own brethren and serving as a slave in Egypt; and yet we read four times in one chapter that the Lord was with him (Gen. xxix., 2, 3, 21, 23).

Gen. xxxix., 2, 3, 21, 23).

3. "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for He would recover him of his leprosy." Not only faithful as a servant, but faithful in testimony, and that for the benefit of her enemy, reminding us of Rom. v., 8-10; Matt. v., 4; Rom. xii., 20, 21. She knew of the mighty works done by Elisha, seven of which are recorded in the last three chapters, and she believed that such a mighty man of God could heal even a leper. If Christians had as much faith in Jesus as this little maid had in Elisha they would be pointing every sinsick and heavy laden soul to Him.

as much faith in Jesus as this little maid had in Elisha they would be pointing every sinsick and heavy laden soul to Him.

4. "And one went in and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." The little girl's saying is being spread abroad. It has now reached his ears for whom it was intended. We have only to speak of Jesus as we have opportunity, and we may be sure that the message will in due time be owned of God.

5. "And the king of Syria said, Go to; go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel," The little girl spoke of the prophet in Israel, not of the king of Israel, but kings and such prophets as Elijah and Elisha were not often in sympathy (I Kings xviii., 17; xxii., 18; II Chron. xvi., 10; xviii., 25, 20, and the king of Israel would surely know it. But neither of these kings knew the God of Elisha nor the power that could heal the lener.

the leper.

6. "Behold I have sent Naaman, my servant, to thee, that thou may set recever him of his leprosy." Thus wrote the king of Syria to the king of Israel. The Lord who gave deliverance to Syria is not recognized. We cannot wonder at this if we consider the church of Christ to-day and see her reliance upon money and influence and the favor of this world, while He whose name she bears is comparatively unknown and unsought and unhonored.

7. "Am I God, to kill and to make alive,

7. "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" Thus spake the king of Israel, when having read the letter he rent his clothes and fancied that Syria's king sought a quarrel with him. "Am I God?" reminds us of Jacob's angry words to his wife Rachel (Gen. xxx., 2), and killing and making alive reminds us of Deut. xxxii., 39, I Sam. ii., 6. The king of Israel was in the place of God's representative, and instead of getting angry he should have felt honored, and been able to point to Him who elegated will and make alive.

who alone can kill and make alive.

8. "Let him come now to me and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Thus spake the man of God when he heard that the king had rent his clothes. Here is the one to whom Naaman should have come; he fears not man, nor does he seek honor from

man, but he loves to honor God.

9. "So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha." A great and honorable and mighty man of this world stands at the door of this poor and dependent servant of God. He is now in the right place, but not in the right spirit. He knows that he is a leper, that he has a deadly disease, and he has come a long journey seeking for health; but then he is no poor man; he does not come as a beggar; he is not like the leper of Matt. viil., nor the ten of Luke xvii. He is able to pay for his healing and he wants it done; as to a great and mighty man. He is dealing with men and wants his position before men to be recognized. He does not know Luke

to be recognized. He does not know Luke xvi., 15.

10. "And Elisha sent a messenger unto him saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." What magnificent indifference to earth's potentates and earth's favors. What an opportunity to make a friend with great influence and obtain a great sum of money. But, like Abram before the king of Sodom, be is conscious that the possessor of heaven and earth is his friend, and he can afford to say concerning the king of Syria's gold and silver, "I will receive none" (vs., 16). But what a gracious message he sends to Naamau, and what a simple requirement and glorious result.

glorious result.

11. "But Naaman was wroth, and went away and said, Behold, I thought" \* \* \* \* He wanted health, but he wanted it given in a style befitting his high position, and he had his own thoughts as to how it ought to be done. He fancied just how Elisha would come out and cry to Jehovah, and with great demonstration make him a well man. But all his thoughts are swept away. Elisha does not even come out to him, and there is no demonstration, but only a kind message telling him what to do and promising health. Many are to-day out of Christ and unsaved just because they have their own thoughts as to how they ought to be converted, and they won't come any other way.

they won't come any other way.

12. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" Here are some more of his thoughts; Syria is better than Israel, Damascus than Jerusalem, Abana and Pharpar than Jordan. It is a great humiliation for him, a Syrian, to come to Israel seeking any favor, and he does not want favors; he can pay for all he gets. But to be treated thus, and then to be sent to Jordan, is too much for his Syrian pride, and he went away in a rage

13. "My father, if the prophe had bid they do some great thing, wouldst then not

13. "My father, it the prophet had blathee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" Thus reason his servants with him, showing more wisdom than their master, for "Great men are not always wise" (Job xxxii., 9); and they had him, too, as we say, for that was just the thought of his heart.

14. "Then went he down." That is good,

for every proud person must come down, and if they come willingly it will save God the trouble of bringing them down.

"And dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God." He is now obedient and in the way of blessing, and blessed he shall be. Jordan is the river of judgment. Had there never been sin there had never been sickness. Sin must be judged and condemned and put away. Seven times denotes perfect

cleansing.

"And his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." Just as the man of God had said so it came to pass. It always has been, is and will be just as God says. There is nothing like the word of God, and on our part nothing like obedience. It is not some great thing we are to do to be clean, but just come as we are, and accept Jesus as God's gift to us, and He will do great things for us.—Lesson Helper.

An Elkton, Md., man feared that he might be buried before he was really dead, and he, therefore, directed in his will that his body should be kept for forty days in a shed built for the purpose. He wanted a bottle of water beside him, a latch on the inside of the door and a roof slanting to the west. He is now lying in the shed.

An old fellow who has been married six times says that a man can impose on a woman, and fool her, in most things, but it has been his experience that as soon as a woman becomes jealous, a man had better take his hat and